The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.

GRAYLING, - - - MICHIGAN.

THE RESISTLESS "AD."

What makes the trader's biz to hum—what
makes his clerks perspire?
It isn't "drummer" sent by train, nor mes-
sages by wire;
Nor salesman's wily artifice, nor chief ac-
countant's fads;
But the lumping, humping bus'ness, which
resulteth from the ads.

Oh, the ad! Oh, the ad!
The light fantastic ad!
The column and the paragraph, the page
that faces news,
It saves the merchant's bus'ness from
a-goin' to the bad
By a-raking in the patronage the public
can't refuse.

The clerk, 'e knows above a bit; the sales-
man, 'e's a joy;
The "drummer," 'e's a gentleman; the er-
rand boy's a boy;
But the swellest bloomin' artifice (to call a
spade a spade)
Is the way the gay advertisement yanks in
the bloomin' trade.

Oh, the ad! Oh, the ad!
The unresisted ad!
That nestles in the newspaper and peops
into the par,
It keeps the packers busy and it makes
the gov'nor glad.
As it fetches in the customer from places
near and far.

TO BE a statesman and at the same time keep out of jail is just now in France regarded as a diplomatic triumph.

THE Czar is likely to announce himself as Emperor of Asia. If he does there will be an imperial coolness between Victoria, by the grace of God Empress of India, and himself.

A BUFFALO prize fight terminated in a knock-out in exactly six seconds. As the winner got $1,000, he will probably go on record as having earned the largest amount in the briefest period of time of any living man.

TWO IOWA girls not only captured a murderous burglar, but one of them was with difficulty restrained from beating the wretch to death with his own revolver. The theory that women cannot take care of themselves seems to be weak in spots.

WHY is the Springfield Republican peeping about "impending crinoline?" Crinoline is dependent, circumpendent, circumambient, circumferential, circumfluous, voluminous, peripherous, euruptyctic and generally immense. Crinoline works on space.

BISHOP BROOKS left three brothers living. They are William G. Brooks, a business man of Boston; the Rev. Arthur Brooks, of the Church of the Incarnation in New York; and the Rev. John C. Brooks, of Springfield. The Rev. Frederick Brooks, another brother, died several years ago.

IT is reported that the British Government has decided to try the experiment of establishing cold air meat storage stations at Gibraltar and other military posts on the route to India. It is thought this may lead up to an extension of the frozen meat trade between Australia and the British Islands.

THE new paper Vogue has this to say about its clientele: "We have a definite, valued circulation to-day among people who are accustomed to luxurious surrounding, who use costly things, who know the difference between common goods and fine." Immediately following this paragraph, by the irony of fate, is an advertisement of reversible collars and cuffs!

THE suggestion that the line of immigration restriction be drawn at ability to read and write English is not worthy of serious consideration. It would be practically equivalent to total prohibition. English is a hard language for any one to learn who is not "native and to the manor born," and it would be ridiculous to think of putting the average immigrant to the test suggested. Furthermore, why should we exact a higher lingual standard in a poor immigrant than is reached by our own people? Not one American in a hundred can speak and write any language but his own.

THE Archduchess Stephanie, widow of the Austrian Crown Prince, recently paid $400, in Vienna, for a parrot which could recite the Pater Noster in six different languages. The Archduchess heard the wonderful bird, which recited gravely, while its master stood by, and was charmed with it. But when she got it home to the imperial palace, she found that it could not say a word. The merchant was arrested, and confessed that he was a ventriloquist, and had done all the talking for the bird. The only thing which he had taught it was to open its mouth and seem to talk while the ventriloquism lasted.

EASTERN philanthropists are still inclined to inveigh against the uncharitableness of excluding Chinese from America, basing their protests on the industrious and inoffensive lives of the Mongolians in this country. How entirely misplaced is their sympathy is again illustrated by an act of wanton and fatal cruelty perpetrated at El Paso. The Chinese of that city became weary of supporting one of their aged and helpless countrymen, so they bound him to a chair, soaked his clothes with oil, and then set fire to the cabin. Before the fire could be extinguished the victim was burned almost to a cinder.

HAS there been a clash of little worlds in the sun's planetary family? This is the interesting query that naturally follows the statement attributed to Prof. Swift, the noted astronomer and comet discoverer, of Rochester. In respect to the strange appearance of the Holmes comet, discovered last November, and now appearing in the heavens in form like that of a low magnitude fixed star, Prof. Swift is quoted as saying that "it will probably prove to be a body formed by the collision of two asteroids." This theory is very bold. The asteroids, like planets between Mars and Jupiter, have orbits as well defined as those of the major planets, and their elbow room in going around the sun is 190,000,000 miles—that is the width of the swath they cut through the heavens.

THE morality pervading European Governments does not seem to be of a high order. If not dwarfed in the shadow of the vaster corruption that has brought shame upon France, the banking scandal that is blighting reputations in Italy would be the talk of the world. There the strange spectacle is afforded of a Premier charged with wanton and extensive fraud fighting with all his might of place and title against an investigation. Sharing the odium of suspicion are two ex-Premiers, Rudini and Crispi, both men of international fame, and they, too, are more than willing that their relations to the swindle be not exposed. The disgrace of France and Italy is startling, but it is not indicative of a more deplorable state of public virtue than displayed in Russia last year, when the food sent to starving peasants was stolen by minions of the Czar. Altogether the new world, in respect of official honor, loses nothing by comparison with the old.

WHEN the printers put $75,000 into a home for the aged and sick of their craft, the wisdom and humanity of the scheme was everywhere commended, as it deserved to be. The Home was erected at Colorado Springs, one of the most picturesque, as well as the most central point, that could have been chosen, and a place where the climatic conditions are favorable beyond any that could have been elsewhere secured. After the building has been finished and fitted, the time is late for attacks to be made. Yet an envious thrust at the home comes from New Mexico. It pretends to be based upon the allegation that printers are dying rapidly at the new institution. There is nothing surprising in the circumstance that men worn out by long lives of toil should die, and where they have been gathered from every quarter of the land, largely by reason of illness, the mortality rate of the aggregate must necessarily be high. This does not, however, constitute any reason for aspersions upon the purposes of the home or the good judgment that resulted in placing it where it is.

WE are sorry to learn that it will take over two years for the building of the two Atlantic steamships that are to be built in a Philadelphia shipyard for the International Company. Not until the spring of 1895 will the first of them be launched, and the second of them is to come afterward. The contract does not call for as rapid work as has been done upon the Clyde, or as can be done in this country. Perhaps the Philadelphia ship builders can be induced to push things so as to get the American flyers afloat within a year from this time. If they can do this by working day and night, while making everything of the very best American kind, it would be well for them to do it. We confess that we are in a hurry about this business. We want to see American-built steamships running between this port and European ports just as soon as possible. We believe that as soon as we get one or two of them afloat we will begin to build others and many others. If they are, as they ought to be and must be, better, faster, and more serviceable than Clyde-built ships, we will go right straight ahead with steel shipbuilding just as we used to go ahead with wooden shipbuilding. If the Cramps can get out those two Atlantic Ocean liners next year, the name of Cramp will shine in the history of the American mercantile marine, new style.

CURIOS FOR THE FAIR.

A Railroad Engine of 1832 to Be Exhibited at the Exposition.

Among the curiosities to be exhibited at the World's Fair will be the station, engine-house and engine built on the Leicester & Swanrington Railway in 1832, by Robert Stephenson, which are still in use, but the first engines, so far as can be proved, to be operated on the rails were the Trevethick, the Wylam Dilly, and the Puffing Billy. The first is lost to history, although on

THE WYLAM DILLY ENGINE.

Christmas eve, 1801, it drew a car with the first load of passengers ever moved by steam on a railway. Seeing that Mr. Trevethick, the engineer, had succeeded, Mr. Hedley of the Wylam colliery, went to work to utilize and improve the method. In 1831 he turned out the two locomotives, Puffing Billy, so called from the noise made by its two-blast pipes, long since went the way of old iron, but the Wylam Dilly is so far preserved that it can be reproduced for Chicago.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Cute Children.

Put-Off Town.

What a dismal place is Put-off Town!
Its houses ruined all,
And whether you go up or down,
No sunshine seems to fall.
The grass is growing in the streets,
And idle is the mill;
With listless stare the people there
Just wander at their will—
For springtime green or autumn brown,
'Tis all the same in Put-off Town.

Not a lesson's learned in Put-off Town;
The school bell never rings;
Big rents are seen in every gown;
No heart with gladness sings.
The plow fast in the furrow stands,
And weeds in gardens grow;
With slothlike tread folks go to bed
Before the sun is low.
There's nobody who wins renown
Whose days are passed in Put-off Town.

Do you know the place called Put-off Town?
When book and slate you shun,
And wander up and wander down,
With duties all undone;
When you are pining for the past,
Whose chances were your own,
And wonder how, with frown on brow,
Those chances could have flown!
'Tis easily guessed, by that sad frown,
That you have lived in Put-off Town.
—Golden Days.

Seventy Years Ago.

"If we only had a sled!" said Lucy Cooper, one morning, seventy years ago.

"Let's make one," said her sister.

"Make a sled!"

"Can't we?" said Laura.

"No, indeed!"

"Then I'll tell you what we can do."

"What?"

"We can take an empty wood-box!"

"So we can!"

Into the woodshed they hurried, and dragged a large box across the snowy yard to the orchard, where there was a steep hill covered with ice.

Up this hill they toiled, pulling the box behind them, or pushing it in front. It was heavy. It had no rope, and it was too deep for use as a sled; but seventy years ago children played with rag dolls, slid on boards, and jumped rope with any old bits of line they could find. So Laura and Lucy were content.

At the top of the hill they climbed into the box. Then, holding their breaths, clinging to the sides of the box, down they went, down, down, until the forward end struck the high board fence which separated the orchard from the meadow.

"My!" cried Lucy.

"What a bump I got!" cried Laura.

But bumps and bruises were of no consequence when there was a sliding-place.

And so, a score of times, they went down, down, down, laughing, screaming, bouncing from side to side; a score of times, laughing, tumbling, slipping back, they climbed the hill.

At last, as they went bumping, thumping down the hill, the box-sled whirled around, shot in a zigzag line across the hill, and plunged into an immense snow-drift, packed high against the fence.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Lucy.

"We're stuck!" said Laura, trying to force the box backwards.

"We can never get out! I can't see a thing," wailed Lucy.

"We're inside that awful big drift! Kick, Lucy! Kick hard! Perhaps we can kick the box out."

Kicking, stamping, pushing were of no avail. Stuck fast in the drift were they, with snow in front, snow on both sides, snow above them.

"Scream, Lucy!" said Laura. "Scream loud. Perhaps the boys will hear us! We'll both scream!"

So, until they were faint and hoarse, they shouted for help. First one name, then another, they called.

But no one heard them, no one came to their assistance.

At last, tired, frightened, cold, they clasped their arms around each other, and burst into loud sobbing.

And then they heard a joyful bark!

"Towser's found us! Towser's found us!" they cried.

"Hi, there!" cried their brother John. "Are you in there, you girls?"

"Yes, yes! Pull us out!"

John gave a strong pull, and out they came!

"Well!" began John.

"'Twas the sled!" said Lucy.

"'Twas the ice!" said Laura.

And then all three laughed!—Our Little Ones.

A Well-Deserved Rebuke.

One day a smart young fellow with shiny shoes, a new hat, and checkerboard trousers boarded a street car in a Western city, and stepped to the front platform. He pulled out a twist of paper and lighted it and began puffing a concentrated essence of vile odors into the faces of those who were obliged to ride upon the platform if they rode at all. One—a plain old farmer—couldn't stand it, and stepped off to wait for the next car. When he reached the station the young fellow was there before him; and it happened that the two met at the restaurant counter.

"Got any sandwiches?" called the young man to the waiter. "Here, gimme one." And he tossed out a nickel, and then proceeded to pick up and pull apart every one of the half-dozen sandwiches on the plate before he found one to suit him. The farmer, who had been waiting for his turn, drew back in disgust. Finally, he found something which the fingers of another had not fouled, and presently followed the loud young man to the car. He found every seat occupied, including the half of one on which were piled the young man's gripsack and overcoat.

"Is this seat taken?" he ventured to inquire.

"Seat's engaged," was the curt answer, with a look meant to squelch the old farmer, who went into the smoking-car.

That afternoon the same young man walked into the office of the Governor of the State, armed with recommendations and indorsements, an applicant for a position under the State government. He was confronted by the same plain old farmer, who recognized his traveling companion of the morning without any trouble. Glancing over his papers, the Governor said:

"Hu—m, yes You want me to appoint you so-and-so. If I should, I guess I might as well write my own resignation at the same time."

"Wh—why so?" stammered the young fellow.

"Because I saw you pay for a street-car ride this morning, and you took the platform of the car. You bought a sandwich, and spoiled a plateful. You paid for a seat in the train, and took mine too; and if I should give you this place, how do I know that you would not take the whole administration?"—Onward.

A Queer People.

The Chinese do everything backwards. Their compass points to the South instead of to the North. The men wear skirts and the women trousers; while the men wear their hair long, the women coil theirs in a knot. The dressmakers are men; the women carry burdens.

The spoken language is not written, and the written language is not spoken. Books are read backwards, and any notes are inserted at the top. White is used for mourning, and bridesmaids wear black—instead of being maidens these functionaries are old women.

The Chinese surname comes first, and they shake their own hands instead of the hands of one whom they would greet.

Vessels are launched sideways, and horses are mounted from the off side. They commence their dinner with dessert and end up with soup and fish.

In shaving the barber operates on the head, cutting the hair upward, then downward, and then polishes it off with a small knife, which is passed over the eyebrows and into nose to remove any superfluous hairs.

The Smuggler Was Ingenious.

When watches were subject to duty a passenger started from Holland to Harwich wearing a curious undergarment crowded with small pockets, in which were stowed away no less than 146 watches. This shirt of watches was so arranged that it was impossible for him to sit down; but as the time usually spent on the voyage was not long, say twenty-four hours at the outside, that inconvenience did not seem to matter. The boat started and the man began to wander about the deck, no one having the slightest suspicion of the curious armor in which he was encased. Unfortunately for him a fog came on and the vessel's progress was stopped.

The fog was obstinate. It would not lift, and the "man who could not sit down" wandered desperately about, growing more and more tired each turn. Thirty hours had passed since he had left the Dutch coast, and all the time he had remained on his legs. The man who did not sit down became the observed of all on board, and as he wandered hither and thither, looking for the fog to rise, he became conscious that all eyes were turned on him. He thought he was discovered. He grew alarmed, and still the vessel remained motionless, and like an unquiet spirit he shambled across the deck.

Thirty-six hours from Holland, and still he kept his legs. Forty-two hours went by, and the wandering watch-carrier, eyed and wondered at by all, tottered to and fro, unable to bend, unable to rest, and ready to drop from fatigue. No sign of the fog going—no sign of relief. Twenty-two hours overdue, and still the Wandering Jew glided about in the gloom! At last there came a slant of wind which cleared away the fog, and as the vessel neared the harbor the customs officers came on board.

Catching sight of the man's haggard look and peculiar gait, they spoke so sharply to him that his courage gave way, and declaring his goods in tones of terror, he went off in a faint, and retaining his rigidity, toppled over into the officer's arms. He was decently unclothed, and he left his shirt to be shown at the custom-house museum of an appreciative country.—The Million.

His Crime.

The following extra-judicial decision is said to have been delivered some years ago by a judge in a Southern city. A man had been brought before him on a warrant for vagrancy. The evidence was unmistakable, and the young lawyer defending the man saw that the case was hopeless.

While badgering his wits to know what to say, however, he noticed that his client was fairly well-dressed, and called the attention of the court to that fact, declaring that no man who wore "good clothes" could with propriety be considered a vagrant, as that word signified a ragged, dirty vagabond. Observing that the court made a memoradum of "good clothes," he wisely sat down without further remarks.

When the prosecuting attorney had finished what he had to offer, the judge, who was blessed with a fine, rich brogue, said: "The caart, having ittintively haard the ividince and the remarks av counsil, is av the opinion that, inasmuch as the prisoner wears good clothes, he cannot properly be considered a vagrant: but, as he has not shown to the satisfaction of the caart, how he obtained thim clothes, I shall bind him over for simple larceny!"

He was so bound over, and the papers are on record in the County Clerk's office.

Japanese Children.

The Japanese are trained to civility from babyhood. Before a baby can speak it is taught to lift the hand to the forehead on receiving a gift. Should a child fail to make this signal of respect and gratitude it would be reproved by some bystander.

Mr. Albert Tracy, who rambled through Japan without a guide, while strolling about a town, stopped to see the children coming from school. They walked sedately and quietly, with books and slates under their arms. The sight of a bearded foreigner startled the first to come, but they made a respectful bow and passed on. The next ones repeated this civility, and then as fast as the pupils came they made a profound reverence.

The innate gentleness of the people impressed the rambler. He records that he never saw a single instance among boys of that tyrannical, bullying spirit so often observed in other countries, that delights in inflicting pain on weaker companions. Japanese children are well-behaved, ever toward each other.

FACES THAT ARE FAIR.

ATTRACTIVENESS THAT COMES FROM DIFFERENT NATURES.

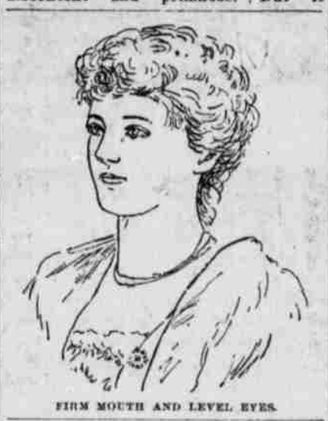
A Dreamy Loving Unintellectual Face Makes One Remember that the Loveliest Woman Is Not Always the Woman with Intellect.

Feminine Physiognomy.

New York correspondence:

OU may see a lot of portraits in this fashion article. It doesn't matter who the girls were, further than that they were genuine belles in their first season "out" society. They were not beauties, yet not one of them lacked charm. The attractiveness in each case was of a different nature. They were all young and about the same age, yet only in the case of one was the charm largely that of youth. The first was, perhaps, the "commonplace" one of the lot, but she had such a bright, wholesome face. The head was wide at the temples and just below; the cheek-bones a little high, and so the cheek outline was marred somewhat; the nose, a sturdy little feature with a humorous tendency about the tip of it; a determined chin, and a mouth that needed softening a little; kisses would do it, but make sure never a one but the right one would ever get a chance to do the softening. The coloring was ruddy and wholesome, and the hair full of glints. She had a round, pretty figure that might be made more of than that firm mouth and those level eyes of hers permitted. She looked a sweet, lovable, sensible girl, not beautiful, but who stopped to think of that.

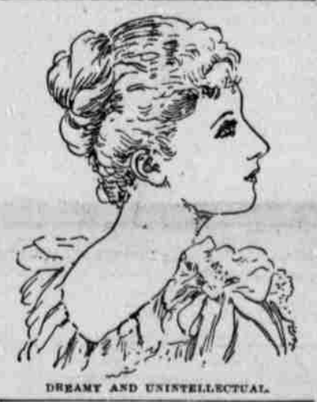
The next girl would have struck you as young before any other impression was made. Her face was not beautiful, either, so far as regularity of feature went, but she had such rare coloring. The skin was a pale pink, the hair like a child's, yellow without gloss, and the eyes, set very far apart, were violet under black lashes. Both forehead and chin set back a little from the fullest curve of the profile. A dreamy, loving, unintellectual face, the sort of face that makes one remember that the loveliest woman is not, and never will be to many of us, the woman with "intellect." The average blonde is likely to have a sharpness of contour and wide eyes. In other words, the face, though beautiful, is often a little cold, and a little shrewish, a face that easily suggests temper and discontent and primness. But it



FIRM MOUTH AND LEVEL EYES.

is not so with this type; the head droops on the slender neck, the lids are heavy, the eyes appealing and the lips wistful. The form is likely to be slender, never angular, and the curve of the back is always lovely. The hands are delicate. The taste is so likely to select soft materials and delicate colors that such a girl seldom fails, all unconsciously, to be quite in harmony with herself, from the soft knot of her hair to the soft folds about her feet, and the pale beauty of the colors she selects. Such a woman must be cared for and happy in the close gentleness of affection, or she soon fades and loses her beauty. Such a woman, too, is most beautiful when her heart is full of vague maiden dreams, rather than when fulfilment has matured her. "Maidenhood" might well be drawn as belonging to this type. This girl at 22 seems more like 18, and is now at her greatest beauty.

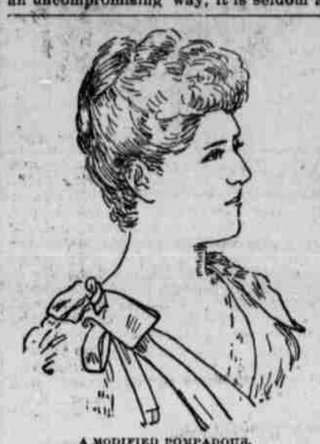
The other girl will be prettier far in her thirties than she is now. The one takes more chances in life than does the other. What possibilities does modern life present such a face? Observe the narrow eyes and straight, delicate brows, the short neck and well-rounded figure; a strange mixture of feeling and intellect. The lower jaw is well in advance of the upper, the lips are full and red. It is not a modern face by any means. The pale hair and gray eyes belong to each other. A picture never does such a face justice. One is likely to say "ugly" to the picture; it never occurs to one to say so of the original. Women with faces like this used to realize their powers. In modern society they may live and die and know only that they are bored a good deal. One always expects the nose to be the least bit the delicate roman type. Perhaps it is the



DREAMY AND UNINTELLECTUAL.

distinctly modern line of that feature that reconciles the face to its surroundings. Such a woman is speculative, introspective and cruel, too, if it occurs to her to be. Not cruel "to hurt," but to see how the victim will act. A cold, bitter cruelty to encounter, yet one that means less harm than it may accomplish. Such a woman is round-limbed and lithe, except for the short neck, that somehow goes with her bull dog chin and lower lip, and adds to that part of the strange fascination of her face. She dresses conventionally always. The modern dress does not rouse her imagination. She could never realize her possibilities of beauty in it, so it is as well. She needs the vivid gowning of old times, and barbarous brilliancy of jewels, and rich drapery. It is a wonder she does not realize this! But maybe that is accounted for by her pale hair. She is a woman now at twenty-two far more than either of the others are, or for that matter ever will be. The years may bring her greater beauty; they will surely add interest to her face. She, of them all, has a future, and seems to have had a past. Her chances for happiness are few. She is likely to make mistakes in her choice of a companion. Intellect and inclination, too, must be satisfied; mere affection will not suffice. She will demand much and give little; unlike the blonde just looked at, who will give all and ask only that she may give; unlike the first girl, who will want little but practical companionship and who will give just wholesome affection and good-natured comradeship. If one might go into palmistry the hands of these three would afford strange contrast. This last hand is long and firm and like a man's for strength. The palm is bright with color, and the first finger long. The hair dressing is curiously at variance with the type of face. That is because this woman gives no thought to her dress and wears

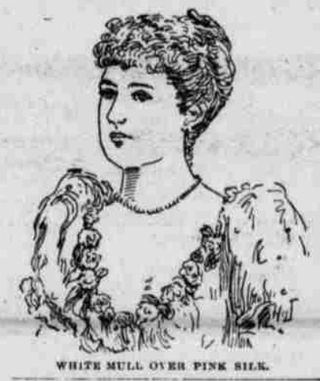
No use talking, every style of girl does not suit the parting of hair at the brows; and those who do not should not permit themselves to be bullied into adopting it. The girl with the low forehead and strong chin will usually be wiser if she keeps to her own modifications of the pompadour. When the pompadour is used as a hard, shiny roll of hair, sort of skinned back from the forehead, and outlining the temples in an uncompromising way, it is seldom a



A MODIFIED POMPADOUR.

becoming style unless the features are severely regular. But the pompadour that is merely a drawing back very loosely and softly of the front hair into a soft puffy continuation of the half-coil at the crown of the head, as shown in the third picture, is almost surely pretty. It softens and yet harmonizes with the outlines of a "strong" face, and it gives due value to the contour of a well-shaped head. Great care must be taken not to exaggerate the puffing of the hair above the forehead, that the general contour of the head in profile may not be thrown out of harmonious proportion. Also the lines the bodice makes about the neck must be studied in reference to their effect upon the forehead and profile line. The woman who wears her hair high over her forehead must carry her head well or the effect will be awkward and top-heavy. Likewise she should have a certain dignity of expression. Granted all these requirements, and the effect is bound to be good, and the woman who can fill the requirements would be foolish, at the caprice of fashion, to risk a change in her hair that might mar her good points. Such a type will seem to gain in dignity by the general adoption around her of parted tresses and the accompanying droopiness of effect. And she will be wise, therefore, to stick to her own style.

For the blonde blessed with that wonderful shell-like quality of coloring sometimes bestowed on pale, yellow-haired folk no gown could be more lovely than one to emphasize the impression such women give you of pink-pearl purity. See our last portrait. A word of her complexion before we speak of her gown. Most blondes make the mistake of trying to tint their skins too white. Let them instead use pink powder and in every way possible bring out



WHITE MULL OVER PINK SILK.

whatever suggestion of pinkness their skin may possess. This is the quality of color that makes some women's skin so marvelous a thing. This pinkness should show where the contour rounds, like the bloom on a peach. A gown of white mull over a most delicate shade of clear pink silk will be a wise selection, a little startling, perhaps, for the lining should be of so delicate a shade that it shall blend into the color of the skin. The neck should be cut low, and the edge of the bodice set with pale blush-roses. The sort that seem ready to fall away from their salmon centers. The mull, which of course is not a "dead white" but a "warm" white, is set loosely in the lining. The sleeves are softly puffed, and are of the mull without the lining, the flesh tint under making its absence not noticeable. The sleeves are thickly strewn with pink pearls. About the neck a row of pink pearls. A rich pure pink that shall bring out the delicacy of the skin, and not change the comparison. If such a woman lacks a deepening of color on the cheeks, by all means she must supply it, but most delicately. Her lips should be almost scarlet, a tint well suggested by the neck beads, and carried out into perfection in the lips. The hair is pale gold, and the eyes dark, either violet or brown, better the latter. If the eyes are a clear turquoise blue the whole effect will be marred.

Inferiority of American Cloths.

A correspondent informs us that the reason why American cloths are less lasting both in color and wear than those brought from France or England is because foreign manufacturers keep the wool intended for first-class goods for three years, putting it through a process of cleansing once each year. They thus get rid of all the fatty matter, and the wool is left thoroughly shrunken and in the best condition to receive the dyes. The American manufacturers, on the other hand, do not thoroughly cleanse their stock. A portion of the grease is left in the wool, which interferes with shrinkage and the absorption of dye. The cloths may look well at first, but they soil more easily and are more likely to fade and shrink than the foreign goods.—Dry Goods Bulletin.

WILLIAM GREENWOOD, of Germantown, Pa., is willing to wager all he is worth in the world—about $25,000—that he can paddle through the rapids at Niagara Falls in a flat bottom skiff.

JACK O' THE STEEPLE.

A Man Who Makes His Living at an Elevated Calling.

His name is Wiggins—Alick Wiggins. Not exactly an engaging name, but the fellow himself is an interesting chap, says the Chicago Herald. Somebody had to put up the flag poles on all the World's Fair buildings and paint them after they were up. Alick Wiggins knew this, and he struck across the country one day from New York, and never stopped until he reached Jackson Park. The work is hazardous and nobody was looking for the job. So when Alick Wiggins came along he got it. He is a steeple climber, or, as he expressed it himself, "does steeple work."

This steeple climber went to sea at 13 years. It came easy for him to climb the ship's rigging, and what was more natural than that he should do steeple work when he quit the sea? He has been climbing flag poles and steeples for twelve years, and likes the work. The higher he gets the better he likes it. A reporter saw Wiggins on the peak of one of the minarets of a tall building at Jackson Park the other day. The steeple man was working away as carelessly as though he were standing down on the ground.

"This work here is dead easy," he said. "That is, it's nothing like I'm used to do. Oh, of course, they have a few poles here as is worth any man's time, but most of them are easy."

"Do you intend to climb those poles out there?" he was asked, the questioner indicating a number of slender rods along the cornice of Electricity Hall.

"Why, certainly, if they want it done. That's what I call a soft job. I'll go right up that pole to the top, paint it for them or hang out a banner, and not feel that I have done anything worth talking about. If I never had anything worse than that I'd think myself in luck."

"Well, what do you call a bad job, then?"

"Oh, well, when you strike something like the flag-pole on the Manhattan Athletic Club in New York, for instance, you've got a bad job. That was the riskiest work I ever tackled. The pole is forty-five feet long. It's on a cupola forty feet high, and the top of the pole is 300 feet above Madison avenue. That makes a man think he's climbing. I painted it some time ago and got $25 for two hours' work. I use what's called the boatswain's chair in going up. It's a board with a rope through it. The rope comes up and winds around the pole. Then I have a strap down under the chair for a foot rest. This strap goes around the pole, and I just push myself up and then fasten the rope that holds the boatswain's chair. I've seen lots of traps for going up poles, but this beats them all.

"I make a specialty of editorial work," Alick Wiggins continued. "I fixed the New York World flagpole and also the New York Times. A funny thing about this business is that I feel nervous on a scaffold, but when I get on a pole I am at home. My nerve steadies right down and I never think about falling.

"Liberty pole in Philadelphia was a good job. That is 187 feet high and the pole is only four inches through at the top. I went up that, and Logan Square was full of people expecting to see me slip off, but I fooled them. I finished the job in three days and got $75 for it."

"What do you get for risking your neck in this fashion?"

"Oh, it all depends. On contract work we aim to clean up about $15 a day, but sometimes less. But on regular work like this the wages are low; not half that. I had a bad job in Chicago on the Pullman Building. I painted the pole all right, and two days later a wind came along and broke it off at the base. The pole was rotten. Now, that's what I call a close shave. The big Catholic Cathedral in New York was a good one. It's the highest one in New York.

"They's not many of us in the business now," Wiggins continued. "Old Jimmy Ferguson was killed not long ago. He slipped off the tower of the Albany Penitentiary and was mashed on the ground. But Jim was too old for this business. I say that when a man gets to be fifty-six years old he wants to quit climbing steeples. Charley Shaw was another. He dropped, too. He worked on the stack of Clark's thread mill at Newark, and the papers were full of it at the time."

Wiggins' helper, a Norwegian painter, yelled for him to come up and help get out a flag, and the steepleman went back to work.

"That fellow's a good climber," he said, "but I don't guess he'll ever make a boss steepleman."

The Spider and the Wasp.

The deadliest enemy the spider has is the wasp. No spider has any chance at all in battle with a wasp, for the latter is mail clad and bites as hard as he pleases. The spider cannot penetrate the horny covering of the wasp body while the sharp sting of the winged fury will pierce any place in the spider's tender anatomy.

Even the tarantulas in Texas and New Mexico are afraid of the big red wasp of those countries that does not hesitate to pounce upon one whenever it is seen and, after stinging it, carries it off to a place in the nest where the eggs have already been deposited. The bodies of the spiders are food for the young wasp and one wasp nest has been known to contain fifty spiders.—Kansas City Journal.

Papa's Boy Has Grown Up.

An advertisement appears in a Western paper which reads thus: "If George William Brown, who deserted his poor wife and babe twenty-five years ago, will return the aforesaid babe will knock the stuffing out of him."—Richmond State.

Immense Variety of Insects.

It is calculated that there must be at least between 9,000,000 or 10,000,000 kinds of insects in the world.

HOUSEMAID—"Oh, Professor, Professor, just think, I have actually swallowed a pin." Professor (looking up from his book)—"What! you've swallowed a pin? Well, here's another one for you."—Fliegende Blaetter.